THE LILIES OF EASTER.

Easter lilies freshly bloom
O'er the conquered tomb;
Cups of incense, pure and fair,
Pour oblations on the air.
Easter glory sudden flows
Through the portal none can close;
Death and darkness flee away,
Christ the Lord is risen today.

Sitting forms are sitting by
Where the folded garments lie;
Loving Mary knows no fear
While the waiting angels hear.
"They have taken my Lord away,
Know ye where he lies today?"
Sweet they answer to her cry
As their pinions pass her by.

See the Master stand to greet
Her that weepeth at his feet.
"Mary!" At the tender word
Well she knows her risen Lord!
All her love and passion breaks
In the single word she speaks—
Here the sweet "Rabboni!" tell
All her woman heart so well!

"Quickly go, and tell it out
Unto others round about.
Thou hast been forgiven much;
Tell it, Mary, unto such.
By thy love within thy heart,
This my word to them impart;
Death shall touch thy soul no more,
Christ thy Lord has gone before!"

THE VIOLET GIRL.

What Tiny Joe Told Little Nell About Easter and Its Flowers.

"Violets, sweet violets; who will buy my violets?"

A chorus of voices in wild confusion called upon the passers by to purchase the bunches of spring flowers that had sprung up after the winter snows to greet the glad resurrection feast.

They had taken their stand outside Covent garden, these poor women and girls whose bread depended upon the sale of their violets. It was growing dark, and Easter eve, too, and this was their last chance. If the flowers were not sold before they went to their wretched homes, they would be lost, all dead and withered before Monday morning.

There was a girl who stood among the crowd, holding her basket in her hand, but not opening her lips, not joining in the general clamor, only leaning against the wall, and looking so pale and wretched, it went to one's heart to think that there was such misery in the world as was written on that fair young face. For it was very fair, in spite of the tale it told of poverty and want; there was something in the girl's whole appearance different to the people among whom she was standing, something of refinement to which they were strangers, and which they could not understand. They ran after every one who passed, screaming, vociferating, entreating; she stood in her place, not speaking a single word, only standing there with that look of mute entreaty upon her poor, thin face.

'VIOLETS, WHO WILL BUY MY VIOLETS?'

"Nell, why don't you speak, why don't you run after the gentlefolks?" said a good natured looking red faced woman; "it's your only chance; I've got rid of six bunches in the last half hour."

"I cannot," answered Nell; "don't ask me; indeed, indeed, I cannot; if they want the flowers they will come and buy them, but it's no good to make them give their money when they had rather keep it."

The woman opened her round eyes, and looked at Nell wonderingly.

"If you're so mighty squeamish you ain't likely to get on; take my advice, and don't be silly—make the folks buy; I tell you they won't do it without being axed—come, run after that young swell; a bunch of violets in his buttonhole would make quite a gentleman of him."

"No, I cannot, indeed I cannot."

"Very well, then, I will," and Nancy Drake followed a young man half way down the street, and at last induced him to buy some of her flowers.

Meanwhile Nell still stood in her old place, and by the time Nancy returned the girl had found a customer.

A little maiden, about 10 years old, with a respectable looking, white capped nurse, stood before her. The little lady bore about her whole appearance unmistakable signs of ease and luxury.

"How much are they—the flowers?" she said.

"Three pence a bunch," replied Nell, modestly.

"I mean how much for all of them? I want them for the church, you know, to put round the altar Easter Sunday."

Poor Nell could scarcely believe her ears or conceal her great joy at so good a piece of luck, as she handed the flowers to the maid, who gave her in return more money than she had had for many a day.

"Flowers for the church," mused Nell. "I wonder why they put them there. I wonder what Easter means. I guess it is only for the quality—grand ladies and grand little girls like the one who bought my flowers." Thus soliloquizing and hugging her pence and happiness, Nell hastened to make her way home. But finding herself in front of a brilliantly lighted church, she paused to again consider the problem that had so puzzled her. Tiny Joe, the poor little hunchback, who lived round the corner from Nell's own humble home, stood there too. Joe went to Sunday school, he would know.

"What's Easter day?" asked Nell, laying her hand on Tiny Joe's arm. "Why is today Easter eve? Is it something for the rich people?"

Tiny Joe's dark eyes turned wonderingly upon the flower girl's face, as he said impressively:

"It's for you, it's for me, it's for all;" and then he told her in his simple way of the joy that had come at Christmas when the holy child was born in the manger; and he went on to speak of Good Friday, when Christ was nailed upon the cross, so that he might take us all to live with him in heaven; he told of all his sufferings, how he was laid in the garden grave, and then came the story of the Easter joy—how he rose again from the dead, and how he has gone back to his place in heaven to ask God to take us there because he died for us, "and oh, Nell," said Joe, when he had ended his wondrous tale, "never mind how poor or how hungry we are, and what pain we have to suffer, so long as we think of all that Jesus bore for us, and remember the Easter joy, how he rose again, to show us that after we was dead we should rise again also and live with him for ever in the beautiful city where there's no more pain."

Nell, who had listened to the story in breathless astonishment, said: "Can we go in?" and the boy, in reply, led her up the stone steps and through the vestibule into the brightly lighted church.

There were flowers, beautiful flowers, surrounded by numberless lights. There were violets, her own violets, around the chancel. There were bright hymns, more beautiful than the flower girl had ever heard in her life. Everything seemed to tell of the Easter gladness.

Nell understood little of the sermon, but all seemed to speak of the same thing, and as she wished to know more about it she decided she would go to school the next night and begin to learn. And so she did, proving long before the year was out one of the most diligent of the many pupils who attended the night school.

"WHAT'S EASTER DAY?" ASKED NELL.

In this short tale it cannot be told in detail how the girl, naturally quick and intelligent, gradually rose from her humble station as a violet girl to a respected teacher in that same school. All will believe, however, that Nell in after life never saw a sweet violet without recalling that Easter eve when, hand in hand with Tiny Joe, she resolved to live a new life—a life removed from poverty and ignorance.

LOVE MAKING AT EASTER.

The season of Eastertide, which originally brought thanksgiving and joy of a religious nature only, has come to be observed by the younger portion of humanity as a fitting time in which to exchange friendly and even love tokens in the way of bonbonnieres and other gifts more or less remotely related to the feathered tribe and its products. The idea of fabricating imitation eggs in sugar, precious metals and choice porcelains is of comparatively recent origin. But their manufacture has become, not only in France and Germany, but in New York as well, a source of important traffic. About the beginning of December the leading factories of bon bons, both abroad and in this country, begin their preparations for Easter.

Not only are the bonbons themselves in some degree works of art, but the bags, baskets and boxes made to contain them are still more so. These latter are models of taste and elegance. For instance, a basket formed of straw, satin and flowers, the bottom of which is covered with a lace pocket-handkerchief, as though it were simply a graceful addition to the satin lining on which repose the egg shaped bonbons. But this handkerchief costs a good many dollars, and thus some lovesick swain is enabled, when sending a lady seemingly a few score of delicious bonbons, to make her a handsome present in the most delicate possible way. A silver egg that opens in half on touching some mysterious spring forms a pleasing receptacle for a jeweled brooch, simulating an Easter lily, or, if one feels so inclined, to celebrate this second New Year's day, a betrothal ring.

CUPID'S PRANKS.

This custom of sending presents at Easter originated in France, where it for a time was the fashion for a gentleman to send the younger relatives of his fiance a box or basket of choice bonbons. From this the custom grew to flowers and bonbons to the fiance herself, and the receptacles for the flowers and bonbons became more and more expensive, and finally ended in the concealing of costly presents in the Easter package. In New York Easter cards, song books in decorative bindings, silver covered prayer books, and articles of jewelry, simulating early spring flowers and birds are numbered with fashionable and popular Easter gifts.

Weak Point in Dress Reforms.

The weak point in all these beautiful schemes is their impracticability. The young and lovely can triumph over any garb, however eccentric; but the portly matron and the attenuated spinster would feel some hesitation about donning either the divided skirt or the "scientific" garment without any particular shape or fit. The average woman does not find it pleasant to be stared at and considered bizarre. What she wants is a costume which will make her look neat and trim, and in which she may attend without discomfort to the duties of civilized life. This she may have, at the present day, no matter what the dress reformers may say to the contrary, by modifying, here and there, fashion's extremes and extravagances.

"Let them rave!" as the poet laureate remarks. The person who succeeds in making a woman wear anything, except for the good and sufficient reason that she wishes to do so, will have achieved the greatest triumph of this or any other age.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I think ice cream is delicious, George," she said; "I just love it."

"But don't you know that it's very dangerous?" inquired George, uneasily.

"Yes, I suppose it is dangerous, but I'm no coward, George."—New York Sun.

THE FEAST OF FEASTS.

ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER, THE CHRISTIAN PASSOVER.

Ceremonies Attending the Observance of Eastertide Among Many Nations—Movable Feasts Regulated by Easter Day. Custom of Distributing Paach Eggs.

The term Easter, signifying the Christian passover and the festival of the resurrection of Christ, is probably derived from the name of the Teutonic goddess of spring, Ostera or Oestre, whose festival occurs about the same time as the observance of Easter.

Those of the early Christians who believed the Christian passover to be a commemora-

THE OLD CUSTOM OF HEAVING.

tion of Christ's death, adhered to the custom of holding the Easter festivity on the day prescribed for the Jewish pasch—the fourteenth day of the first month; that is, the lunar month of which the fourteenth day either falls on or next after the day of the vernal equinox.

But most of the Christian churches, attaching greater importance to the day of Christ's resurrection, held to Easter's being celebrated on the Sunday which followed the fourteenth day of the moon of March, the day on which Christ suffered.

This question was the cause of a serious difference in the church as early as the Second century, and was not finally settled until the Council of Nice in the year 325. The rule was then adopted which brings Easter day always on the first Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after March 21, and if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after. By this arrangement Easter may come as early as March 22 or as late as April 25. Easter Sunday occurs this year on the 1st day of April.

The present season is by no means satisfactory, and it has been frequently urged of late years that Easter should be made a fixed festival, a Sunday late in April being celebrated, or that nearest the 5th of April, which, according to Haydn, was the date of the original Easter day, as Advent Sunday is the nearest Sunday to St. Andrew's day, whether before or after. A well known professor of astronomy in one of our leading colleges, in reference to this subject, says: "The fact is that the date of Easter Sunday simply depends upon the fullness of a hypothetical and supposititious moon, invented and made to move in an impossible manner by Popo Hilarius, the supposed movements of which are such as occasionally to make Easter Sunday vary by five weeks from the date given by the real moon." It is needless, however, to say that any attempt to change the system of fixing Easter day would be certain to precipitate the liveliest kind of an ecclesiastical uproar, although it might not bring armed mobs into the streets to clamor for "the stolen days," as happened with the change in the calendar.

Easter, which is now preceded by Lent, in early days was introduced by fasting on one day only—the Friday in Passion week known as Good Friday. By and by the time was extended to forty hours in token that Christ had lain that long in the tomb, and from this it was finally prolonged to forty days—the season of the temptation in the wilderness. On Easter morning the primitive Christians saluted each other with the words, "Christ is arisen," to which the person addressed answered, "Christ is arisen, indeed," a custom which is still retained in the Greek church.

All the ceremonies attending the observance of Easter were at first very simple, but in the early part of the Fourth century a decided change was brought about by Constantine, who, naturally fond of parade, signalized his love of display by celebrating this festival with extraordinary pomp. At the vigils instituted for Easter eve, when the people remained in the churches, huge tapers of wax were burned; these were however, not confined to the churches, but were placed all over the city. Easter Sunday was observed with elaborate ceremonials, the pope officiating at mass with every imposing accessory that could be brought to bear in that service.

The churches were adorned at this season like theatres, and crowds poured in to see the sepulchers which were erected representing the whole scene of our Savior's entombment. A general belief prevailed that the Lord's second coming would be on Easter eve, therefore the sepulchers were watched through the night until 3 o'clock in the morning, when two of the oldest monks would enter and take out a beautiful image of the resurrection, which was elevated before the people during the singing of the anthem, "Christus Resurgens." It was then carried to the high altar, and, a procession being formed, a canopy of velvet was borne over it by ancient gentlemen. They proceeded round the exterior of the church by the light of torches, all singing, rejoicing and praying, until coming again to the high altar it was there placed to remain until Ascension day. In many places the monks personated all the characters connected with the event they celebrated, and thus rendered the scene still more picturesque.

Many of the old customs of Eastertide still linger with us. The peasantry in certain portions of England and Scotland, up to a very recent date, observed the absurd custom of "lifting" or "heaving," as it was called.

On Easter Monday the men, carrying chairs, went about insisting that all the women they met should take a seat and be lifted up three times. The performance was accompanied with loud shouts, and the exacting of a kiss for each one of the lifters. The accepted mode, as it seems, was for two to lift, one on either side, and the chair, gayly decorated, to be raised high above the heads of the lifters. It is further related that any preferring were allowed to pay a forfeit of money, instead of the kiss, before they were let out.

On Tuesday the women took their turn, and we read that so anxious were they to do their full part in this ridiculous proceeding, that they were wont to guard every avenue to the town and stop every passenger, pedestrian, equestrian or vehicular. It was a crude imagination that could see any representation in this to the resurrection of our Savior. But as such it was intended.

Not only were the women allowed a share in the sport of "heaving" or "lifting," but they had their own football match in a quiet

sort of a way. The good and healthful practice of archery was not forgotten at the Shrove Tuesday and Easter Monday meetings; the reward for the best shot was provided, in many localities, not by the guilds, but by the bridegrooms of the community.

The custom of distributing the "Pace" or "Pasch" eggs, which was once almost universal among Christians, is still observed among children the world over and by the peasantry in certain portions of the Old World. The boys play with these hard boiled eggs like balls, throwing them into the air or rolling them about the fields, and frequently knocking them together to see which will break first, the broken egg becoming the property of those whose eggs remain whole.

Easter week is still the great season at Rome, for Italy is Catholic if the pope is not king. The greatest preparations are made for Easter Sunday, which is celebrated with elaborate ceremonials. The day is ushered in by the firing of cannons, and early in the morning carriages with their eager freight of men and women begin to roll toward St. Peter's, which is richly decorated for the occasion, the altars freshly ornamented and the lights around the tomb of St. Peter all blazing.

On this day the pope officiates at mass with every imposing accessory that human invention can devise. From a hall in the palace of the vatican he is carried into the church, seated in his chair, borne on the shoulders of his officers. On his head he wears a round gilded cap representing a triple crown, which is supposed to signify spiritual power, temporal power and a union of both. On all sides of him are carried large fans composed

PLAYING WITH PASCH EGGS.

of ostrich feathers, in which are placed the eye like parts of peacock feathers to represent the eyes or vigilance of the church. When in the church he rests under a rich canopy of silk.

The pope, after officiating at mass at the high altar, is borne with the same ceremony, to the sound of music, back through the crowded church to a balcony over the central doorway. There, surrounded by his principal officers, he rises from his chair of state and pronounces a benediction, with indulgences and absolution.

The crowd of people who witness this most imposing of all the ceremonies of Rome at this season is immense. Below the balcony at which the pope appears to pronounce the

benediction is the densest crowd, which watches with upturned faces the falling of the papers containing copies of the prayers that have been uttered, which are thrown down into the midst of this restless multitude by the pope and his assistants. This being jubilee year these ceremonies commemorating Easter week at Rome are of unusual magnificence.

All the movable religious feasts are regulated by Easter day. Easter Sunday this year, in consequence of the lunar movements, falls early in April, and as a natural result Candlemas was earlier than usual. It occurred Feb. 2, and the wholesale dealers in candles throughout Christendom prepared, as usual, a large amount of candles for the demand arising from the religious occasion.

The devout of the Catholic church, from the richest to the poorest, make an offering of candles at their respective churches on Candlemas day. Some of these candles are very elaborate, being made by hand and composed of pure wax. Some made for the high altar in the cathedral and other churches in New York cost, with their elaborate ornamentation, from $250 to $500 each. Persons of moderate means offer candles less expensive, but even the poorest of the congregation present a candle made of pure wax. These candles are blessed on Candlemas day, and all the devout are presented with a blessed candle to be used on special occasions in their homes. To be denied one of the unseen candles by the priest is a punishment which is regarded in a serious manner, and the refusal is only made when the applicant has offended the laws of the church. Candlemas day is, therefore, one of the solemn events of the church, and is usually observed strictly by all true Catholics.

EASTER MONDAY'S QUAINT SPORTS.

On Easter Monday, in "ye olden time," even the clergy and women indulged in the delights of ball playing. In many instances it formed a part of the church service, bishops and deans taking a ball to church and at the beginning of the anthem, while dancing to the music, threw it to the choristers, who handed it back and forth to one another during the singing. After this service they all retired for refreshments, which usually consisted in a dish of bacon and tansy pudding.

An old rhyme referring to these customs reads somewhat as follows:

At stool ball, Lucia, let us play,
For sugar, cakes or wine,
Or for a tansy let us pay,
The loss be thine or mine.
If thou, my dear, a winner be,
At twirling of the ball,
The wager thou shalt have, and m
And my misfortunes all.

Another Easter Monday game was running a race for a tansy cake. Just why these singular sports should have been considered appropriate to the Easter festivities the wise ones fail to tell us. The playing at ball or running a race for a tansy cake might—very likely did—have its foundation in a desire to keep alive the memory of the bitter herbs at the paschal feast, though some old writers ignore any spiritual meaning, and one speaks of tansy cakes in this wise:

"In the spring time they are made with the leaves hereof newly sprung up, and with eggs, cakes, or tansies, which be pleasant in taste and good for the stomacke; for if any bad humors cleave thereunto, it doth perfectly concoct them, and scowre them downwards."

THE SUN DANCING ON EASTER DAY.

There is not an important festival in the Christian year concerning which there were not, in the olden time, more or less superstitions, and concerning as important a day as Easter they were abundant. It was, in the middle ages, a common idea that the sun danced on Easter day. As to the origin of the superstition, there appears to be no definite explanation. All are familiar with Sir John Suckling's matchless little poem, "The Bride," in which occur the lines:

But, oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

It is a curious fact that both Brand and Hone, who misquote Sir John Suckling's beautiful lines, fail to credit their authorship to him, in fact do not appear to know who wrote them and dismiss them with the remark that they are in an old ballad.

In Dunton's "Athenian Oracle" occurs the inquiry "Why does the sun at his rising play more on Easter day than Whitsunday?" The question is answered thus:

THE SUN UPON AN EASTER DAY.

"The matter of fact is an old, weak superstitious error, and the sun neither plays nor works on Easter day more than any other. It is true, it may sometimes happen to shine brighter that morning than any other; but if it does it is purely accidental. In some parts of England they call it the lamb playing, which they look for as soon as the sun rises, in some clear or spring water, and is nothing but the pretty reflection it makes from the water which they may find at any time, if the sun rises clear and they themselves early and unprejudiced with fancy."

The folly was kept up by the fact that no one could view the sun steadily at any hour, and those who choose to look at it or at its reflection in the water saw it apparently move as they would on any other day.

Again, from "The British Apollo," 1708, a supposed question to the sun himself upon the subject elicits a suitable answer:

Q.—Old wives, Phœbus, say
That on Easter Day
To the music o' th' spheres you do caper;
If the fact, sir, be true,
Pray let's the cause know,
When you have any room in your paper.

A.—The old wives get merry,
With spiced ale or sherry,
On Easter, which makes them romance;
And whilst in a rout
Their brains whirl about,
They fancy we caper and dance.

Brand says he heard of when a boy, and could not positively say from remembrance whether he had not seen it tried, an ingenious method of making an artificial sun dance on Easter Sunday. A vessel full of water was set out in the open air, in which the reflected sun seemed to dance, from the tremulous motion of the water.

WAS IT THE HEN OR THE HARE?

A curious custom prevails in Germany, for which there appears no explanation. Hares are, in the popular belief of the children, transformed for the nonce into oviparous animals, and you see in the pastry cooks' windows animals of that species as large as life, modeled in sugar, and sitting upright in a nest, surrounded by any quantity of eggs. The fresh, simple minded German children believe implicitly in this egg producing power of the hare; and when, about Easter time, they see one running across a field, they clap their hands and shout after it: "Hare, good little hare, lay plenty of eggs for us on Easter day!" Implicit belief in the hare as the author of Easter eggs does not exist among the young people of all countries, however. The little maiden depicted in the illustration here given is evidently in doubt on which to pin her faith, the fluffy hen or the fleeting hare.

THE PERPLEXED DREAMER.

It is the custom in German families on Easter eve to place sugar and real eggs (the former usually filled with bonbons or tiny playthings) in a nest, and then conceal it in the house or garden, in order that the young ones, who always rise at break of day on that important morning, may have the delight of seeking and finding the hidden treasures. Happy the little ones who are thus taught to associate joy and pleasure with the deepest mysteries of that religion which among us is too often made the harbinger of gloom and restraint.

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

Stories That Are Told of This Natural Wonder.

Travelers in Egypt, who profess to have seen the genuine resurrection flower, describe it as a little ball hanging on its fragile stem, and resembling both in color and shape a shrunken poppy head. Sleeping, but not dead, the flower is aroused by being for an instant immersed in water and then supported in an upright position. Soon the upper fibers begin to stir. Slowly, yet visibly, they unfold, until, with petals thrown back in equidistant order, it assumes the appearance of a beautifully radiated, starry flower, not unlike some of the asters in form. Resting a moment, it suddenly, as though inspired by some new impulse, throws its very heart to the daylight, curving back its petals farther still and disclosing beauties undreamed of even in the loveliness of its first awakening.

To say that, in general effect, its appearance resembles the passion flower is to give but a poor description, and yet one searches in vain for a more fitting comparison. Lacking entirely the strong contrasts in color of the latter, it yet wears a halo of its own, unlike any other in the whole range of floral effects.

When viewed through a powerful lens, one traveler claims the heart of the flower, which, to the naked eye, lies flooded in a warm, colorless light, assumes the most exquisite iridescent hues, far more beautiful than the defined tints of the passion flower. Melting to the eye in its juiciness and delicacy, yet firm in its pure outline and rounded finish, it bears the same relation to that chosen type of the great Suffering, that peace bears to passion, or that promise bears to prayer.

Soon the aspect of the flower changes. As though over the well spring of its eternal life hangs some ruthless power forcing it back into darkness, before an hour has passed, we can see that its newly found vigor is fading away. The pulsing light at its heart grows fainter and fainter—slowly the petals raise themselves, to drop wearily side by side upon its bosom—and finally, its beauty vanished, its strength exhausted, it hangs heavy and brown upon its stem, waiting for the touch that alone can waken it again.

This rare botanical wonder, blooming one moment before admiring eyes, and next lying dried and shriveled, is not without its legendary interest, though the odor of its oriental history has, by this time, been nearly blown away by that sharp simoom of investigation, which has already whirled so many pretty fables and theories into oblivion.

The story of the resurrection flower, as given in 1856 by the late Dr. Deck, the naturalist, is as follows:

While traveling on a professional tour in Upper Egypt, eight years before, engaged in exploring for some lost emerald and copper mines, he chanced to render medical service to an Arab attached to his party. In gratitude the child of the desert formally presented to him this now called "Resurrection Flower," at the same time enjoining him never to part with it. Like the fabled gift of the Egyptian, it was supposed to have "magic in the web of it." The doctor was solemnly assured by the Arab and others of his race that it had been taken ten years before from the breast of an Egyptian mummy, a high priestess, and was deemed a great rarity; that it would never decay if properly cared for; that its possession through life would tend to revive hope in adversity, and, if buried with its owner, would insure for him hereafter all the enjoyments of the Seventh Heaven of Mohammed. When presented, this flower was one of two hanging upon the same stem. Dr. Deck carefully preserved one. The twin specimen he presented to Baron Humboldt, who acknowledged it to be the greatest floral wonder yet seen and the only one he had met with in the course of his extensive travels.

For years the doctor carried his treasure with him everywhere, prizing it for its intrinsic qualities and invariably awakening the deepest interest whenever he chanced to display its wondrous powers. During the remainder of his life, it is claimed, he caused the flower to open many times, without causing any diminution of its marvelous property or any injury whatever to it.

Eggs as a Tribute to the King.

Formerly at the approach of Easter all the hen roosts of France were ransacked for the largest eggs, which were brought as a tribute to the king. At the conclusion of the Easter high mass in the chapel of the Louvre lackeys brought into the royal cabinet pyramids of gilded eggs, placed in baskets adorned with verdure; and the chaplain, after having blessed them, distributed them in the presence of his most Christian majesty to all the persons about the court.

There are several effectual means of taking out grease spots. Chloroform will do it. So will salt dissolved in alcohol. So will an equal mixture of alcohol, gin and ammonia. Or you can wet the place with ammonia water; then lay white, soft paper over it and iron with a hot iron. Or rub French chalk on the wrong side; let it remain a day; split a visiting card, lay the rough side on the spot and pass a warm iron lightly over. Or try the old fashioned "grease balls," a stiff paste made of fuller's earth, saleratus and vinegar, molded into balls and dried. Wet the spot, scrape the ball over it, let it dry, and wash it off with tepid water.—Frank Leslie's.

Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe is very tall, straight and slender, of a decided brunette type, and while the pallor of her complexion betrays delicate health, increased probably by literary toil, the bright glance of her large dark eyes expresses a high degree of intellectual activity. Her manners are suave and genial in a very marked degree, and not even the oft repeated infliction of the too inquisitive interviewer affects the equanimity of her temper.—Detroit Free Press.

An English Edible: "Pulled Bread."

Pulled bread—there is an edible that ought to be on every American table. It is designed to be eaten with cheese, and it is delicious. Take a loaf of freshly made bread, and while it is yet warm pull the inside out of it in pieces the size of your hand or smaller. Put these into the oven and bake them a delicate brown. When cool they are crisp and as full of flavor as a nut. Eat pulled bread once with your cheese and you will want it often. —London Letter.

What Good Dressing Means.

Good dressing is invariably economical dressing, because it does not demand that the maiden whose face is her fortune shall dress like the wife of a millionaire, nor that the woman of elegant leisure should vie with her cook in simplicity. Good dressing means the best of whatever you wear, even if it be a print gown; therefore, good dressing is best for the tradespeople, because it does not permit the use of imitations.—"Bab" in New York Star.

Wear in Carpets.

Speaking of wear, one of the rugs now for sale in Boston was seventy-five years in constant use before exportation. In carpets the best colors for lasting are the reds; nothing holds color better than an old fashioned green. It is noticed that the mild toned carpets give the best satisfaction; the brightest colors are found to suit the better at first, but for a long time the softer, milder tones are the most satisfactory.—The Housekeeper.

ELIZABETHAN LOVE SONG

We must not part as others do,
With sighs and tears, as we were two;
Though with these outward forms we part,
We keep each other in our heart.
What search has found a being, where
I am not, if that thou be there?

True love has wings, and can as soon
Survey the world as sun and moon,
And everywhere our triumphs keep
O'er absence which makes others weep;
By which alone a power is given
To live on earth, as they in heaven.
—Leisure Hour.

CHINESE IN DETROIT.

A Reporter Witnesses a Sparrow Fight in a Laundry Back Room.

Upon nearing the place it was seen that the laundry in the front part of the building was in total darkness, while a bright light shone through the cracks of a pine board partition that formed a back room. The sound of voices within also told that the back room was occupied. The reporter stood on the sidewalk near the curbstone, while his Chinese friend went up and rattled on the front door. No sooner had this been done than the chattering inside ceased. The call was promptly answered by another Mongolian, the Cass street Celestial was admitted and the door locked. The reporter had just about made up his mind that his Celestial friend would not have influence enough to gain him admission, when the door opened again and he was allowed to enter. Once inside and the door locked, the Chinaman led him through a side hallway into the back room. The room was about 25x20 feet, on one side of which were five bunks. Two of these were filled with linen, while the contents, if anything, of the remaining three were obscured from view by a turkey red curtain stretched across.

From the top of one of the bunks that was curtained a faint blue smoke arose, and the general state of the atmosphere in the room led to the opinion that some Celestial was, or had been, "hitting the pipe." From the ceiling in the center of the room a hanging lamp was suspended to within a few feet of the floor. This threw a bright light on the square piece of carpet and also on the countenances of nineteen Chinamen who were kneeling in a circle eagerly watching a battle between two sparrows when the reporter entered. Upon getting a little closer it was seen that each bird had a handler the same as in a cock pit. The birds fought desperately, clawing and tearing each other's feathers and seeming to be altogether unmindful of their strange surroundings.

The Mongolians watched the sport with great glee, and whenever one bird would get the other down on the carpet its backers would demonstrate their approval by vigorously pounding on the floor with their fists. The fight lasted about seven minutes, when one of the sparrows was killed, both eyes being pecked out, as well as all of the feathers from its breast. Considerable money changed hands, betting all the way from 50 cents to $30 being indulged in. Two more birds were then brought in, one in a peach basket and the other in a starch box, and after all wrangling had ceased and all bets were made, the handlers faced the birds and let them peck one another on the head several times before letting them go. This evidently was to "rile" the sparrows up. After this proceeding the birds tussled about on the carpet for a few minutes, when one of them suddenly expired. The sport was kept up until after midnight, when the crowd dispersed, some richer, some poorer and all more or less tired out.—Detroit Free Press.

Commodore Porter's Funeral.

Commodore Porter, a gallant sea dog of the old school, was buried in Philadelphia some fifty years since with high honors. The streets through which the procession passed were crowded with people, and the deep solemnity of the occasion was increased by the pomp and circumstance of war, the muffled roll of the drum, the pealing notes of the band, and the distant roar of the minute guns fired from the navy yard. An unusual seriousness seemed to prevail among the multitude, and respect and veneration for the deceased veteran were evinced by all.

A long array of military and artillery preceded the hearse, drawn by four black horses, in which was the coffin enveloped in the American jack, over which again the stars and stripes, covered with crape, were thrown. Behind the hearse followed an aged seaman, with locks as white as snow, bearing a staff from which fluttered the American jack, festooned with crape. After him came the naval pensioners, the sailors, the officers of the army and navy and the militia. In every point of view it was a beautiful testimonial of respect and honor, and Philadelphia was happy in being the spot selected for his lasting repose.—Ben: Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

Life on the Moon.

There is reason for thinking that the moon is not absolutely airless, and, while it has no visible bodies of water, its soil may, after all, not be entirely arid and desiccated. There are observations which hint vegetation, and there are other observations which suggest the display of electric luminosity in a rarefied atmosphere covering the moon. To declare that no possible form of life can exist under the conditions prevailing upon the lunar surface would be saying too much, for human intelligence cannot set bounds to creative power. Yet, within the limits of life, such as we know them, it is probably safe to assert that the moon is a dead and deserted world. In other words, if a race of beings resembling ourselves, or resembling any of our contemporaries in terrestrial life, ever existed upon the moon they must long since have perished. That such beings may have existed is possible, particularly if it is true, as generally believed, that the moon once had a comparatively dense atmosphere and water upon its surface, which have now, in the process of cooling of the lunar globe, been withdrawn into its interior. It certainly does not detract from the interest with which we study the rugged and beautiful scenery of the moon to reflect that if we could visit those ancient sea bottoms, or explore those glittering mountains, we might, perchance, find there some remains or mementoes of a race that flourished, and perhaps was all gathered again to its fathers, before man appeared upon the earth. —Popular Science Monthly.

Natives on the Lower Congo.

The celebrated explorer Grenfell, who has just returned to Europe, says the scarcity of food on the lower Congo, which so greatly embarrassed Stanley and compelled his large force for some weeks to live almost solely upon hippopotamus meat, was not the result of a failure of crops. The Bateke, who inhabit both banks of the river for a long ways, prefer to live by trading their ivory for goods, raising barely enough food for their own use. The great demand for food this year exhausted their meager store. They have gone hungry themselves and have been driven by short supplies to put more land into crops and to extend their fisheries. Mr. Grenfell believes that the lesson will be salutary, and that the Bateke, seeing that they can make food raising as profitable as the ivory trade, will begin cultivating the land upon a large scale. The principal white stations are now encouraging the natives near there to raise food to sell to the whites.—New York Sun.

One Woman's Wrongs.

Omaha Wife—You are the meanest, ugliest thing in existence. I just hate you.

Husband—What have I done now?

"Done! What have you not done? This morning when I discovered that Colorado beetle crawling on my dress, and called to you for help, you didn't stir, but let me sit there just writhing in terror until I had to shriek."

"I didn't hear you call. What else?"

"This afternoon when that jeweler showed a live Brazilian beetle beautifully set in a breastpin you refused to buy it for me."—Omaha World.